



**ETHIOPIA**

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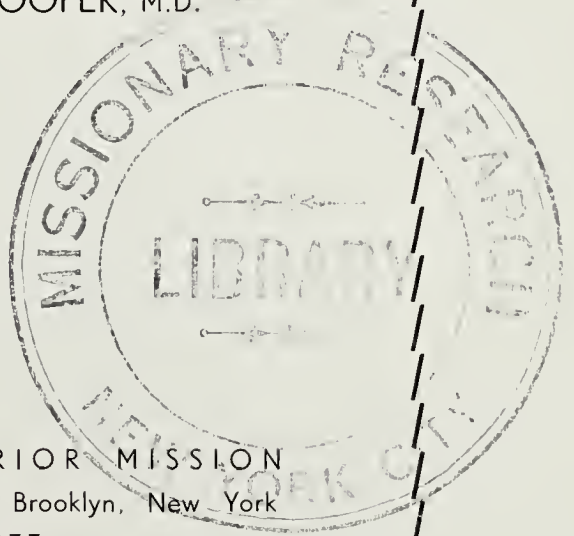
# ETHIOPIA

BY

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SUDAN INTERIOR MISSION

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1933



*GREETING!*

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# ETHIOPIA

## CHAPTER I

### The Field

**T**o many of us the word "Ethiopia" brings before the mind but five persons connected with that land—that is all! We remember the Queen of Sheba and her visit to King Solomon. We think of Ebedmelech and his kindness to Jeremiah the prophet. We are acquainted, of course, with Candace, the Queen, and with her treasurer, the Ethiopian eunuch: and, further, we probably have a hazy idea that Prince George in recent years paid a visit to the country when Ras Tafari was crowned King of Ethiopia. Our knowledge may be limited, but, at least, we move in royal circles! Ebedmelech was in close contact with King Zedekiah, the eunuch with Queen Candace, the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon were friends: and the only living person known to us and connected with Ethiopia, is the king himself, and he was recently visited by a member of the British Royal House!

The object of this booklet is to extend our knowledge of the country, to widen our interests, and to forge another link with Royalty, for the King of kings of all the earth—not merely of Ethiopia—is desirous that His sway should be acknowledged in that land. In His

providence He needs us as a link in the carrying out of His purpose. Henceforth Ethiopia and ourselves may be closely linked in a royal fellowship. Christ, on the one side, says "I have need of thee," and Ethiopia stretches out her hands, and in her present awakening as to western progress feels also a need for her own progress. She does not know that her need is Christ; but we know, and He knows, and He needs our help to carry out His purposes of love.

Yes, we know : that is true, but we have no sense of any special responsibility regarding the country, and we are so constituted that we find it difficult to take anything like a keen, living interest in all places that lie in darkness. True; but increased knowledge brings increased interest, and if we spend a short time learning where Ethiopia is, what it is like, what its peoples are like, we may find that Ethiopia becomes our special interest, both at the throne of grace and at the bank of heaven. God grant that it may be so.

For those of us proceeding from America or Britain, a few days' steaming from London will bring us through the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean Sea to Port Said. Thence we shall proceed through the Suez Canal and down the Red Sea to Aden, but instead of continuing east by the P. & O. route to India, we shall tranship to a small steamer and sail south to Jibuti, the port of French Somaliland. If we come from Australia or New Zealand, we shall also proceed to Aden, via Colombo. From Jibuti the railway runs to Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia. We are now only about twelve degrees north of the equator, and are essentially in the tropics. To the east are the vast deserts of Arabia, and to the south beyond the mountains are the rolling plains of Somaliland, which are to a great extent of a desert character. Everything is therefore conducive to great heat, but fortunately for us, before our three days' railway journey will



have ended, we shall have mounted a steep escarpment, so as to find ourselves some eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, enjoying a climate that reminds us partly of Switzerland, and partly of Southern Europe. This plateau extends far away to the north and west, and rising out from it are the peaks of the mountain ranges, the loftiest reaching fifteen thousand feet. It is easy to imagine that the scenery is grand; and, with the many different stages between sea-level and mountain-top, we shall expect to find a delightful range of vegetation, from the date-palm in the lower reaches to the coffee plant on the plateaux, and thence to the edelweiss in the highest regions.

The rivers, through the long ages, have cut for themselves very deep gorges, and these valleys, thickly wooded, provide haunts and lairs for many wild animals; but the low-lying parts are not healthy, and are therefore avoided as far as possible by the inhabitants. It is fortunate for us that the great bulk of the population is found on the higher lands, where the climate is particularly suitable for those from a temperate zone.

On our journey by rail we shall almost certainly have seen flocks of guinea-fowl and herds of antelope or gazelle, and there will be abundant evidence that the country we are visiting is a paradise for the sportsman. We, however, are fishermen; and fish are not so obvious as antelopes! They are hidden; and our human "fish" are largely hidden too.

There are but few large towns in Ethiopia. The villages are in clearances hidden behind the tall elephant grass, and a considerable proportion of the population consists of nomadic tribes that are "here to-day, and gone to-morrow." Do not let us think, however, that these people are so separated that they are inaccessible for missionary purposes.

First, let us spend a time at Addis Ababa, the capital of the country. It is not a closely-packed conglomeration of streets and houses, as might be expected, for the houses are scattered irregularly over a wide area, with grassy plots interspersed. Overlooking the town is the *gibbi*, the royal enclosure. Below the royal palace, the Government offices and homes of the Government officials find their place. In the distance are the Foreign Legations, but right in the centre of the civic area is the market-place, and here the people assemble in their thousands. The population of the city might be placed at about eighty thousand. The advent of caravans would increase that figure by nearly fifty per cent., and it almost seems as if that vast number of people manage to congregate in the market-place! What an opportunity for the dissemination of the Truth! A floating congregation of something like forty thousand! If only they could receive the message of the Gospel and take it with them to the villages and townships and tribes from which they come! Is it surprising that the Sudan Interior Mission wish to instal an "Ethiopia Press Office" in Addis Ababa, where Gospel messages may be printed in thousands and distributed among those who are able to read? Those of us who are acquainted with the work of the Sudan Interior Mission will know what a blessing to the people of Nigeria has been the existence of the "Niger Press" at Jos; and now the call of Ethiopia's need is: "Give us a similar press in Addis Ababa." Surely this is a call to which we should give heed. Land has been acquired in the capital city, but there is still a great need for printing equipment, for men and women of God capable of learning the languages of the country, and for consecrated men who would serve the Lord in the mechanical processes connected with a printing establishment.

One hundred and twenty thousand persons in Addis Ababa? Yes; but a printing press alone will not meet



their needs ! Many cannot read ; many through prejudice would not read ; many are too young to read : but *all* have a great need—some are sick, some are sad, some are ignorant, some are prejudiced. How are they going to be won for the King of kings ? They need to see the Christ-life lived out by men and women in their midst who are there solely to help them ; they need to hear the wondrous story of the Saviour's love—and how shall they hear without a preacher ? They need the skilful



*The Market-place, Addis Ababa*

hand of the doctor, through whom they will be brought to know the Great Physician. They need the consecrated talents of the teacher, through whom the little ones will be brought to love Him Who is the Truth.

We thank God that some of these needs are being met, for, of recent years, a band of workers has gone out to Addis Ababa ; but there is much land yet to be possessed for the Master in that city. How few of those visiting or living in Addis can rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ !

But some one is saying : "Why is it necessary so to stress the need of this hundred and twenty thousand?" There are two observations to make in reply. Firstly : "Can we assess the value in God's sight of one hundred and twenty thousand souls?" How little we realize the tremendous privilege of being allowed to co-operate with the Master in the salvation of even one soul ! Read the last verse of the prophet Jonah and see how God thinks of even one hundred and twenty thousand children. Secondly : "We have only touched the fringe at Addis Ababa. Now let us lift up our eyes and look on the field."

Let us stand on the hill on which the royal palace is erected, and look beyond the beautiful eucalyptus trees that encircle the city—look beyond to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west. What lies beyond? Little villages here, there, and everywhere, with townships at the points where the caravan routes converge. Ten or twelve million people ! And the great majority of them ignorant, degraded, in the darkness of heathendom, in the gloom of Mohammedanism, or in the mist of a corrupt so-called Christian Church that gives them no knowledge of a Saviour and no joy of salvation. Twelve million people in a land about eight times the size of Virginia, and a handful of workers ! There are missions other than the Sudan Interior Mission working in the country ; some from countries other than America, some denominational ; but all would agree that the need is tremendous, for there are vast numbers of people that are totally unevangelized.

In the Galla and Gurage country and other southern districts where the Sudan Interior Mission have established nearly a dozen stations, there are hundreds of villages that are in the deep darkness of heathendom. Will you come to one of these villages and see for yourselves? You will find it convenient to travel by

mule and to convey your baggage by pack-mule. As you approach the village you will notice the gardens and fields surrounding the farmsteads. They are well kept—largely the result of the labours of the Galla women. The houses—or *tukuls*, as they are called—are circular, the central support being a tree-trunk. The circular wall is made of reeds and clay, or reeds woven with grass and bark, and the roof is thatched with straw, palm-leaves, or grass. A few spikes of branches sticking out



*Camp Life in Ethiopia*

from the central support suffice for hooks for the household utensils. A low table and a couch, which serves for a bed, would probably complete the furniture.

Upon your arrival, the villagers would quickly congregate; some would be wearing the white *chamma* of the country, which is a cotton sheet-like garment in which both men and women swathe themselves, others would wear a leather garment and strings of beads, the children would find their birthday dress sufficient. They would naturally be inquisitive and wonder why you had

come to visit them, but if they knew that you could help them in their physical ailments, how quickly would the sick ones from all the surrounding districts be gathered together at your door! And when you had lived among them, and learnt to love them, and to speak their language, and to know their thoughts, what a revelation there would be! What darkness! What degradation in the present! What hopelessness regarding the future! What slavery to the edicts of a man



*Village in the Gurage Country*

who divines by the entrails of a cow! It would all gradually be brought to light—the immorality; in some parts the necessity for murder before a man could marry; the devilish dances when passions become uncontrolled and inter-tribal strife ensues; the cutting of themselves with stones when death comes upon the scene; the darkness of the power of Satan which can be felt—all this would be experienced. Alongside of it, however, would be a measure of that cheer and hopefulness which, thank God, have never been entirely eradi-



cated from the human breast. There would be the artless carefree-ness of the little children, the joy of motherhood, the satisfaction of tilling the ground and receiving a harvest, and the many other things that enter into life and bring a satisfaction even when surrounded by a hopelessness that should blot out all joy. And as thus you lived, and saw, and learned, you would realize that here, as elsewhere, were men, women, and children who were capable of those deep spiritual joys which it was your privilege to know. They, too, were capable of appreciating a love that gave up all for them; they, too, could respond to that love, and receiving Him could rejoice in a knowledge of sins forgiven. They, too, could desire to live lives free from sin, free from Satan's thralldom, and free to do the will of Him Who died for them.

You would gather the children round, and learn with them as you endeavoured to tell them the delightful Gospel stories. At last you would have mastered the language sufficiently to reduce it to writing, you would translate some portion of that living Book, and some Gospel hymns, into the dialect the people understood, you would thank God for the British and Foreign Bible Society and for the Ethiopia Press (which we already see *in vision*), and, in the process of time, after alternations of encouragement and disappointment, you would see those children, whom meanwhile you had taught to read, with eyes wide open with curiosity, love, gratitude, thankfulness, and hopeful anticipation, handle and read *for the first time* God's holy Word in their own tongue.

As you watched the youths and maidens, now the centre of a little company of their own people, themselves reading to the older folk the story of God's love, and as you saw the light gradually dawning, the lives being changed, the hope returning—or rather being born—the light of a Saviour's love shining out through

the face, the little children from their infancy now being brought up to love the Lord and lisp His praises, you would say: "Thank God that I ever had the privilege of an interest in Ethiopia!"

We have surveyed the Field. Do you hear the call of Ethiopia's need? If so, you will be glad to know how the portion of the field entrusted to the Sudan Interior Mission received its first labourers, and how God has blessed the work of their hands.





*The Mission Station, Soddu*

## CHAPTER II

### “First the Blade”

“**G**OD moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.” Here is a strange medley—a big-game hunter, an influenza epidemic, a beetle, a protracted sea journey to Nigeria, a lack of money, a few men of faith, and Ethiopia’s need—but as we place these things upon the view-table of God’s designograph and look at them through the eye-piece of Time, we see a delightful transformation, namely, a picture of two outstretched hands emerging from the shadows with the finger-tips bathed in light. Perhaps the reader is unacquainted with the designograph. It is an instrument somewhat like a microscope in appearance. Upon the view-table any small objects may be placed—whether ugly or pretty, shapeless or symmetrical. When these are viewed through the eye-piece they are found to be merged into a perfectly symmetrical and beautiful

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pattern. Thus God makes all things work together according to the counsel of His own will; and, thank God, that will is one that is characterized by "good pleasure." "According to the good pleasure of His will which He hath purposed in Himself."

Let us take a glance at Captain C. H. Stigand, the big-game hunter, as he sits in his quarters at Nasser Fort, one of the outposts of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. He has just completed his hazardous journey from the frontiers of Ethiopia and Kenya. He invites the neighbouring missionary, Dr. T. A. Lambie, to share with him his thrilling experiences, as he recounts all that has happened. The missionary is intensely interested—he hears of the big game, of the exciting episodes, of the inhabitants of the little-known areas that have recently been visited; and as he listens his heart is not only stirred by the tale of adventure, but by the vision of those thousands of souls who are living in the blackness of heathendom. Almost without knowing it, a seed has been sown in the missionary's heart, and there it lies for some years in the unseen depths, from time to time giving evidence of life by a stirring beneath the soil, but unable to show the green shoot, for the missionary's post was in the Sudan; and Ethiopia was closed to evangelization.

At the close of the Great War, the influenza epidemic that swept through the world did not leave Ethiopia untouched, and a governor of one of the western provinces of Ethiopia, hearing of the presence of the doctor across the border at Nasser, sought his aid. Permission to enter the country was given, and the missionary, Dr. Lambie, and his wife and daughter found themselves on Ethiopia's soil. They were soon able to tell to the benighted Gallas in the district the glorious news of a full and free salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord. What a change from the animistic ideas that had hitherto constituted the religion of these

ignorant people ! No longer did they worship tree, or rock, or river, but they saw the light of God's revelation in the face of Jesus Christ, full of grace and truth.

The seed was no longer hidden beneath the surface, for a speck of green was now visible, and Dr. Lambie had the joy of seeing a few of Ethiopia's sons brought to the Saviour.



*Head Muleteer to first missionary caravan led by the Rev. G. W. Rhoad*

The many tribes of Southern Ethiopia would, however, never be reached by the work of a couple of missionaries on the western fringe of the country, and a journey to the capital was accordingly planned in the hope that a larger work might be established. On the way, a certain little beetle took upon itself to invade the ear of a provincial governor, and the aid of Dr. Lambie



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*Area - 350,000 Sq miles*

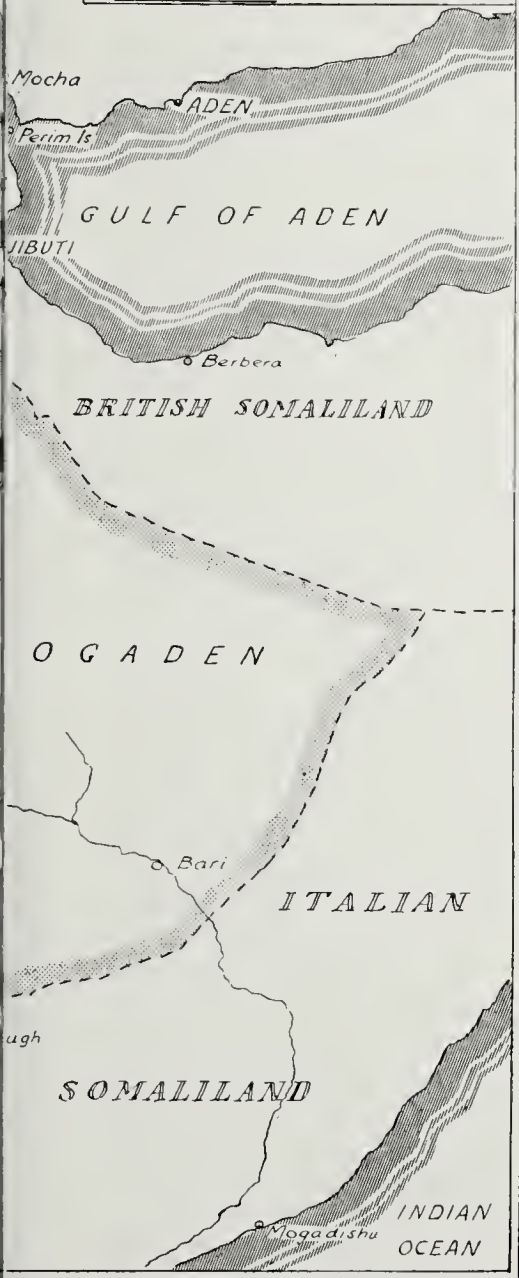
*Population - 10-12 millions.*

*Coptic Christians (mostly ignorant),*

*Mohammedans and Pagans.*

*Christians knowing the Power of*  
*the Gospel - practically NIL.*

*S. I. M. stations are underlined*



## NOTES.

**Addis Ababa.**—Mission headquarters. Leper hospital (under construction, 1933). A printing office is urgently needed.

**Marako** (*not shown on map*)—In GURAGE district to the west of Lake Zwai.

**Duromay.**—In KAMBATTA Province, near Hoseina. (New station, 1932.)

**Soddu.**—Hospital work is carried on here.

**Allata.**—The same as HOMATCHO.

**Wando.**—Eight miles west of ALLATA. (New station, 1932.)

**Chincha.**—West of Lake Abaya, by the "O" of "GAMO." (New station, 1932.)

**Bulke.**—Capital of GOFA district.

**Darassa.**—South of ALLATA, by the "D" in "SIDAMO." (New station, 1933.)



was sought. It was not long before the invader was dislodged; but the Arab soldiers assured their chief (quite wrongly, as it happened) that if the doctor had not been available the beetle would have bored through to the brain! The skill of the doctor was accordingly noised abroad, and when he reached the capital the story of the beetle had preceded him, and reached the ears of the Emperor Ras Tafari, now known as Heila Selassie—meaning “Power of the Trinity.” This paved the way for a very successful time from the missionary’s point of view, for permission was given for a hospital to be erected in Addis Ababa. The fresh green of the coming blade was now more clearly visible, although the unevangelized thousands of Southern Ethiopia still remained in darkness, and it was these that were first laid as a burden upon the heart of Dr. Lambie. He accordingly returned to America, only to find that the missionary society with which he had been associated was unable to entertain a forward movement at the time: but in the providence of God he was brought into touch with the Rev. George W. Rhoad and Mr. Alfred Buxton, who, with their wives, had long experience of missionary work in Africa. They decided to go forth to the work in Ethiopia trusting in God alone. Shortly before starting, however, they met Dr. Rowland V. Bingham, Director of the Sudan Interior Mission, who had just returned from a world tour, and had realized the immense difficulty of recruiting missionaries for Nigeria in Australia and New Zealand, owing to the great expense for passages from those distant Dominions to Nigeria via London. As Dr. Bingham was considering whether a fresh field might not be opened up on the eastern side of Africa, he was brought into contact with the three veterans mentioned above who were shortly to start for Ethiopia. The next step seemed clear. Ethiopia should be the field not only for workers from America and Britain, but also for the labourers



thrust forth from Australia and New Zealand. After prayer and conference, the new venture was linked on with the older-established Sudan Interior Mission, and November, 1927, saw the first party embarking from New York. This party consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Lambie and daughter, the Rev. and Mrs. George Rhoad and son, the Rev. C. Duff, and Mr. W. Ohman. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Buxton remained in England, but the party was augmented there by the Rev. and Mrs. Carl Rasmussen; and at Aden by Mr. Glen Cain from Australia.

Difficulties, great and many, were encountered when the party reached Addis Ababa, and fierce opposition was shown by the priests of the Coptic Church; but, through the mercy of God, the attacks of the enemy were overcome; and, within the next five years, ten stations, as shown on the accompanying map, were opened. At the end of 1932 the workers from the various homelands had reached the number of fifty-three. An eleventh station, Darassa, was opened early in 1933.

Surely "God works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." Even lack of funds was a link in the chain of circumstances that led to this forward movement!

The seed was sown. We have seen the work established in a small way. We have seen the sunlight on the finger-tips as, from the shadows, Ethiopia stretches forth her hands to God. "First the blade." Will there be any fruit? Shall the next stage be reached—"Then the ear"?



*Ethiopian Hut*

### CHAPTER III

#### “Then the Ear”

THE following chapter is written by Dr. E. Ralph Hooper, and tells of the firstfruits to God in Sidamo. He has told his story in military terms, and shows in a striking manner the development of the work up to the stage where evidence of fruit for God is unmistakable.

“Four baptized Christmas morning.” Such would be the brief but pregnant announcement were we cabling to our General Director in the homeland.

This despatch ought to rank with Cæsar’s “*Veni, vidi, vici*”—“I came, I saw, I conquered.” These words tell of the triumph, but give no hint of the trials, testings, and tribulation of the struggle in which the S.I.M. missionaries engaged, for years, the foe that was entrenched against them.

This is the crown, but it presents no details of the sanguinary conflict in which the soldiers of the Cross were engaged in a life and death struggle with the powers of darkness.

For years, there were the ebb and flow of battle, as first this force and then the other seemed to have won the victory. On the one side, there was a host marshalled by the Prince of the Power of the Air. He enlisted every possible aid under his command. When his territory was invaded and his position and authority challenged, he tightened his hold on his subjects, or rather his slaves, who from the dawn of creation had with servility cringed and crawled before his every word. Depending largely on the infantry of native ignorance, armed with the spears of carnal desires in which his dupes were skilful from habitual exercise, he opposed the little band that had ventured to storm the citadel.

These forces were concealed with great cleverness by clouds of dense darkness. From masked batteries there belched forth a withering and ceaseless fire of hate and hell, intermingled with emissions of poison gas of prejudice, deceit, lies, malignant misapprehensions, and slavish, subtle suggestions.

On the other hand, there was a small company of believers, volunteers in the service of One, Jesus, Who was to them both Saviour and Lord, being indeed King of kings and Lord of lords. From the very moment that they declared their design to possess some of the land for their Sovereign, to Whom it rightfully belonged, the battle was joined.

As they came to grips with the foe and the struggle intensified, the small but heroic "Band of the Redeemed," as they were known, found it increasingly necessary to keep in touch with their Leader and receive daily instructions from Him, and "moment by moment" orders, in the prosecution of this long, drawn-out campaign, if they were to be at all successful.

Much wisdom was necessary in the selection of suitable ammunition. Hours were consumed in the cleaning and care of those weapons that were given them, that their edge might not be dull. Persistent practice was required in the use of the Sword of the Spirit. Knee drill during the day and night was of vital importance, lest they should in any wise be taken by surprise, or found to be inefficient through lack of preparation.

On every possible occasion, they released gleams of light that lit up the battleground and disclosed to many of the enemy the hopelessness as well as the untenableness of their position. There were not lacking those who, wounded by the well-aimed arrows of conviction, were eager to capitulate. These Satan silenced or shackled by the powerful cords of tribal tradition, or age-long custom. The artillery of heaven quickly responded with a barrage of truth, well knowing that the Truth would set them free. In this they were not disappointed.

As the serpent, a name by which the leader of the enemy is well known, saw that there was a possibility of losing some of his brood, he exerted increasing effort. He exhausted every device. By turns he appealed, he pled, he threatened, he frightened, he favoured his dupes in his desperate determination to hold their allegiance to himself; but Christmas Day, 1932, saw his defeat.

A brief retrospect is necessary here.

For several years, Glen Cain has been in command of the King's forces, assisted by Eric Horn at first, and later by Alfred Roke and Mrs. Roke. He had to dig out the language first of all, so that he could deliver the message of his Sovereign. This was no small task. There was no written language, no grammar, no one to interpret. With pick and shovel in a daily toil,

through rain and heat, he delved and dug until he had mined a few nuggets. These were nouns. They gave him a clue to the adjectives, and tracing them up he got hold of a few very precious verbs. These were indeed rich, and sparkled with light and action. Later he unearthed some native idioms. These were priceless, and reflected the spirit of the people, and disclosed the very structure of the native tongue.

This acquisition of the language permitted him and others to tell the story of redeeming love, which gradually began to filter first into the sin-thick head, and then into the still thicker heart of the Sidamo. Thus was the enemy's position undermined.

It was not long before some began to capitulate to the offers of mercy, and there grew up a company of believers. Every effort was made from the start to put into practice the principles of the indigenous church.

The discipline of believers was left largely in the hands of those natives who had shown themselves worthy and competent to judge of the spiritual condition of their fellow-followers of Christ.

For nearly a year the question of baptism was presented, considered, and discussed. For the last two or three months of 1932 it was a daily challenge. If there is to be a baptism, who should be baptized? Who is suitable? Later the question was : Who is willing?

At first it seemed as if there were a score or two who would present themselves as candidates for baptism. Conference after conference was held. Examinations running into hours were conducted. The process of elimination began in earnest. First on one count and then on another the work of separation took place.

Some for inconsistent lives, others for unconfessed sins, and others for attachments to sinful customs, were regarded as unsuitable.



The biggest surprise (and the greatest disappointment!) was felt when it came to the hour of definite decision; for then a number, and those regarded as leaders, declined to brave the acid test of baptism. This was something new, unheard of, in all the history of Ethiopia. This was a break with all tribal traditions. This shook the very foundations of the social and religious life of the community to the centre.

What results might follow, what ostracism, what dreadful consequences, no one knew. It was a venture, a terrible venture. What was wrapped up in this baptism? Did it lead to something more, such as the rite of circumcision? Would Satan's curse rest on them? Would one perish if there was unconfessed sin when immersed in the water?

Then there was parental opposition. There was opposition on the part of the Amharic masters. Let no one suppose that the brief but triumphant announcement "Four Baptized" meant little.

Not until eleven o'clock Sunday morning, Christmas Day, 1932, did Mr. Cain have definite assurance that any would be baptized. To the very last moment hell disputed the ground and barred the way. The first one to enter the water was that morning confronted by his whole family. His wife clung to him to prevent him, and said that she would leave him if he were immersed. His mother cried, and pleaded, and threatened to disown and disinherit her son if he should disobey her command. He was determined to follow his Lord. The brother, and others of the family, and friends, barred the doors of the hut and refused to let him go. He literally had to fight his way to the side of Christ to take his place in burial with Him in the liquid grave.

Dr. Lambie and Mr. Cain jointly baptized the candidates. Each one felt that the privilege should belong to the other. It was a case of "in honour preferring one



another." It was finally decided that the blessings of either choice might be multiplied by arranging that the service should be shared by both servants of God.

The day before the great event, the missionaries, who were either on the field or visiting, prepared the baptismal pool. There was a stream at the bottom of the hill, but it was very shallow. Mr. Cain and Mr. Mitchell, our new missionary just appointed to open a station among the Darassa tribes, Mr. Clarence Duff, a pioneer missionary and superintendent of the work at Lambuda, and Dr. Hooper, with the help of some natives, dammed up the creek until it began to look like a miniature lake. Into this recently prepared tomb four believers of the Sidamo tribe, perhaps the first baptized believers in all of Ethiopia, declared to the world, as well as to the powers of darkness, their union with Christ in death, burial, and resurrection.

It was an hour of triumph when these four emerged with radiant faces, having broken the bands of sin and death to stand in victory with their Saviour and conquering Christ. Satan is a defeated foe!

That day there was not a cloud in the sky. It was azure blue, deep and perfect, that vaulted the earth, proclaiming the heavenly qualities and the divine perfection of the Risen Lord. It was also a pledge and prophecy of the day, "*that day*," when He would come and reign Whose right it is to reign, and when the "earth shall be filled with the knowledge and glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

"All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the age."

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## CHAPTER IV

### “After that”

**W**HEN shall the verse be completed? “After that, the full corn in the ear.” That it will be completed, there is no doubt. It is not sufficient that only the finger-tips of those hands shall feel the warmth of the sunlight of God’s love. He has told us otherwise. “Ethiopia shall suddenly stretch forth her hands unto God” (Psalm 68 : 31); and we believe that the evangelization of the country will be phenomenal in the progress to be made in the near future, under God’s hand. Surely the advent of fifty-three missionaries in five years shows an unusual development; but missionary societies other than the Sudan Interior Mission are turning their eyes towards Ethiopia, and before long they also will be light-bearers to this dark land.

At the time of preparation of this booklet, the work is steadily going forward. With the help of the American Mission to Lepers, a leprosarium is being built near Addis Ababa. There are many thousands of lepers in the country. The corner-stone of the institution was laid on 15th November, 1932, by His Majesty the Emperor, in the presence of his ministers and of Mr. A. E. Southard and Sir Sidney Barton, the American and British diplomatic representatives. The corner-stone was engraved “Jesus Christ Himself being the Chief Corner-Stone.” What a delightful witness in a city visited by thousands of Mohammedans!

More new missionary stations are about to be opened in Southern Ethiopia, but there is yet very much land



*His Majesty the Emperor at the laying of the foundation-stone  
of the Leprosarium, Addis Ababa, 15th November, 1932*

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to be possessed. There is room for all the help that can be given, and the writer would say "There is room for *you!*" What is the response? Is it "No, I could not go to Ethiopia. I am too old, or too tied by home responsibilities, or too weak for the life of a pioneer. This is not for me"?

Is that a considered view? Look forward a few years—ah! maybe only a few days, or even hours : who knows?—and hear the authoritative word, "Give an account of thy stewardship." Without doubt, the word will be spoken in due course; but in grace our Lord gives a period in which it is possible for us to act. "Thou mayest no longer be steward" was a warning that gave the man time to act before his stewardship was finally removed from him. He used those few intervening moments to good purpose, and took action that ensured for him a welcome by his friends when he was removed from his post. As the lesson is applied we hear the instruction of the Teacher : "And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." What a picture He presented for our gaze ! We can understand the missionary envisaged at the close of chapter one at length surrendering his stewardship and being received with acclamation in the heavenly courts, as one and another of Ethiopia's sons and daughters, who were led to the Saviour through the missionary's service, press forward to welcome the weary veteran as he enters into the rest that is prepared for the people of God. But there will be many welcomed thus who have never been within a thousand miles of Ethiopia except by way of the throne of grace ! Those who abode by the stuff shared equally with the combatants, provided that their hearts were in the fight,

and it was only force of circumstances that held them back : and our Lord Himself showed one way how we might be sure of a welcome when life's race was run. It was by the right application of finance in His service.

There is another way. Moses in the calm of the mountain-side upheld, by prayer, Joshua, who was in the thick of the fight. How often did the Apostle Paul crave the prayers of those to whom he was writing ! He knew the power of prayer. The workers in Ethiopia need prayer.

There is yet another way. "And when he saw him, he was moved with compassion *and went to him.*" Who among the readers of this booklet will see the Ethiopian in all his need, and will be moved with compassion sufficient to go?

This introduction to Ethiopia is not primarily an appeal on the part of the Sudan Interior Mission for either persons or money. It is a presentation of the needs and prospects of the country. It escorts us along the road, shows us the neighbour lying in the roadside in all his need, and it lets the need appeal. There is the case—something like twelve million people, the great majority of whom are in heathen darkness. It is easy to find logical reasons for passing by on the other side ; but it is possible to be moved with compassion, and to let love find a way of helping those dusky neighbours into the cheerful surroundings and safety of Salvation's "Inn," where they may share with others the happy anticipation of those words : "When I come again."

There will be a harvest. The grain shall be gathered into the barn. The reader will be there : the writer will



be there : but how many of Ethiopia's sons and daughters will be there through us?

“WITH GOD ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE.”

*“Love ever gives—forgives—outlives,  
And ever stands with open hands ;  
And while it lives, it gives ;  
For this is love's prerogative  
To give—and give—and give.”*



*He asks for alms. Shall he receive  
God's love-gift in Christ ?*





*Sudan Interior Mission Headquarters, Addis Ababa*

## List of Missionaries (1933)

### Headquarters, Addis Ababa.

Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Lambie.  
 \*Rev. and Mrs. G. Rhoad.  
 †Miss E. R. Martin.  
 Miss M. Walker.  
 Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Horn  
 Mr. N. Simponis.  
 Miss M. Berger.  
 Miss M. Miller.  
 Miss F. Ottinger.  
 Miss N. Sharretts.  
 Rev. and Mrs. H. B. Street.  
 Mr. J. A. Trewin.  
 Miss Walsh.  
 Miss H. Hooper.  
 Miss Horn.  
 Miss Middleton.  
 Miss L. J. Briggs.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Oglesby.

### Leprosarium, Addis Ababa.

Dr. and Mrs. E. Ralph Hooper.  
 Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Kirk.  
 Mr. J. O. A. Luckman.

### Soddu, Walamo Province.

Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Lewis.  
 Dr. and Mrs. Percy Roberts.

### Chincha, Gamo Province.

Miss S. Bergsten.  
 Miss R. Bray.

### Jiran, Jimma Province.

Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Piegrass.  
 Miss I. L. Schneek.  
 Miss O. Sealey.  
 Mr. and Mrs. D. Davies.

### Hoseina and Duromay, Kambatta Province.

Rev. C. W. Duff.  
 Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Annan.  
 Mr. Norman C. Couser.  
 Mr. J. E. Phillips.

### Bulke, Gofa Province.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ohman.  
 Mr. L. A. Davidson.  
 \*Miss J. T. Cable.

### Marako, Gurage Province.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barton.  
 Miss M. A. McMillan.

### Homatcho and Wando, Sidamo Province.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Roke.  
 Mr. G. H. Cain.  
 Miss L. MacGregor.  
 Miss E. W. Robertson.

### Darassa, Sidamo Province.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Mitchell.

\* Denotes on furlough. † To higher service, 25th May, 1933.

# The Sudan Interior Mission

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*General Director :* ROWLAND V. BINGHAM, D.D.

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THE Sudan Interior Mission is a united effort of Christians of all denominations, organized to meet the spiritual crisis in the Sudan and in Ethiopia.

Its doctrinal basis is evangelical, and it accepts and sends forth consecrated workers from any Church, sound in the fundamental truths of the Bible.

It is supported by the voluntary offerings of God's people, its missionaries having no guaranteed salary.

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*A Prayer Letter is sent regularly to those who promise to support the work by prayer. Write to the Secretary of the appropriate national headquarters as shown above. Ask for particulars of further literature.*



